

## Aberrant Artisan by PsychoEnoshima

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**Summary:**

Izuku has the power to create monsters, and summon them from the depths of the abyss

Every monster is different

Some are humanoid, others are bestial

All are willing servants of their god

## 1. Aberrant Origin

# Aberrant Origin

A four year old Midoriya Izuku was sitting at home, doodling in a new book his mother had brought him for his birthday. He was going to get his quirk any day now, he just knew it! As he thought about what quirk he'd get, his pencil absentmindedly flowed across the paper with surprising skill, in spite of his age.

As he finished drawing, he felt a strange energy begin to well up within him, before with a flash of light, as if from the very pages the creature he drew emerged. It was a dog in the vaguest sense of the word, in that it was the general shape of a dog. However, it was much larger than any canid, standing at a towering six feet at the shoulder. In it's eye sockets burnt raging embers, and from all across its body billowing black smoke poured forth, and it's jaw was seemingly held in a perpetual snarl.

Izuku looked at the drawing in his book, then at the hound. "Mom! Mom, I got my quirk!!" He shouted out throughout the apartment, the black hound now sat on its haunches beside him. "I can draw things and they become real!" he said to her, as she came in, stopping upon seeing the absolutely massive hound sat beside her son.

"Izuku? I don't think we can afford to feed a dog as big as him" Inko said with a concerned tone. They were already budgeting heavily enough, what with the rising cost of rent. "Maybe you can make him... I don't know... go away for a while?" she asked.

Izuku looked at the hound, and thought for a second. "Could you please go to sleep, mister dog?" He asked, and when he said that, smoke poured forth, as the hound dissolved into black mist, which dissipated in mere moments.

"Mom? Can I have more pencils to draw?" Izuku asked Inko, a wide smile on his face. He finally had a quirk! He could be a hero!!!

“Seriously?!? That’s a shitty useless quirk, Deku!!” Bakugou shouted at Izuku, just after he told his supposed best friend about his quirk.

“K-Kaa-Kaachan... W...what do you mean? M-my quirk’s good!”

Izuku stammered out in defiance of the power-drunk toddler.

“You’re quirk’s Useless, just like you Deku!! Only people with flashy and strong quirks can be heroes!!” Katsuki shouted at Midoriya, as he let out an explosion, burning the greenette and sending him to the ground.

As Izuku fell to the floor, shadows near the pair lengthened and darkened, turning into portals of inky blackness, gateways into the abyss.

The black hound from yesterday let out a howl which resonated within the souls of those who heard it, filling them with unspeakable dread. Mere moments later, the snarling, growling face of the black hound was behind Bakugou, haunches raised, ready to attack the blonde, and protect its master.

Bakugou, sensing the danger, scowled at Midoriya. “You’ve not just got a useless shitty quirk. It’s a **Villain’s** quirk!” Katsuki shouted at the greenette, but was overheard by the duo’s mothers. He looked particularly smug. He put the shitty extra into his place.

Soon, he felt a striking hand against the back of his head, as Mitsuki Bakugou, Katsuki’s mother, struck the back of his head. “You little brat!! He’s just trying to be your friend, and this is what you do?!? It’s a miracle he hasn’t kicked your ass to the curb!!” Mitsuki shouted at the child, which confused him. He beat the villain! Why was his mom yelling at him! He was the hero! He always was, and always will be!

“I’m the hero, Hag! HE’S JUST SOME SHITTY USELESS VILLAIN!!!”

Katsuki ranted and raved, explosions firing off from his palms.

“Katsuki. Shut. Up.” His dad, Masaru, said with a faint growl to his voice. “You are grounded until the end of middle school. If you ever

so much as THINK about bullying Izuku again, your chances of going to a hero school will drop *really* quickly. I'll make sure this gets added to your record too." Masaru explained in his quiet anger.

The smoking hellhound growled at Bakugou, before sitting by Izuku, who was now being comforted by Inko.

"I'm so sorry, Ko-chan! I had no idea he'd gotten this bad!" Mitsuki said to her friend.

Izuku looked up at Mitsuki. "It's okay aunt tsuki..." he muttered just under his breath, but as the hound faded into nothingness yet again, he passed out, unconscious from overexertion of his quirk.

By the time that Izuku awoke, it was dark out, and so he stood and went over to the desk containing his book. He turned to a new page, and began drawing once more. There was something he needed to make. Something to punish the bad people.

He started with the head of the creature, consisting of a large hunk of metal in a tetrahedral shape, and from there he drew a hulking humanoid frame. A butcher's smock covered its body, and gloves covered its hands. This new creature had a massive blade in one hand, one he added without much notice, marking this monster as an **executioner**.

"You will hurt the deserving... when I tell it..." Izuku whispered to the page, infusing it with his will, truly marketing this beast, this pyramid-headed monster, as an executioner and punisher, ensuring that the damned are judged.

Absent-mindedly, he turned to the next page and continued drawing yet again. This next monster that he drew was yet another humanoid one, yet there was something distinctly wrong about it. It was covered in boils and pustules, and seemed to possess an aura of disease to it. However, this was opposed by other design details which Izuku gave it, gold and jewels, alongside expensive robes denoted it as a religious figure of some sort. Half of its face was human, the other half an infected, necrotic mass. Fingers were

emaciated claws, an incense censer held in one hand.

Atop the pages, he wrote the names of these monsters. His first, the hound, he named a **hound of ill omen**. Next was **the executioner**, and thirdly was **the plague**. He made The Plague to serve as both devoted servant and guardian, and it possessed the power of sickness within its essence.

Izuku fell asleep once more, at his desk, not noticing Inko looking in to see what the sound was. She smiled softly, and with great care, picked him up and tucked him into bed.

“Sweet dreams, zuku-chan...” Inko whispered as she kissed his forehead before making her way back to her room.

Mitsuki saw Inko walk out of the room, and sighed.

“Katsuki’s probably gonna go to a much stricter school, to hopefully reign in that temper of his.” Mitsuki said with a sigh, as she sat on the couch, a half-drunk bottle of wine in her hand. “That damn brat... Why can’t he behave, or be nice to anyone? He calls me a hag, Ko-Chan!!!” She added, tears welling within her eyes as she did so.

“Don’t worry, Tsuki-chan. It’s not your fault...” Inko, bless her soul, tried to comfort her friend. “It’s going to be okay, don’t worry...” she added, just before seeing Mitsuki blacked out from the alcohol.

Inko sighed, and laid Mitsuki down, putting a blanket over her, and a pillow beneath her head, before heading to her own room, and going down to sleep.

## 2. Abyssal Arrival

# Abyssal Arrival

Izuku strode through the halls of the school with an air of calm about him. In the past few years, he had added some more minions to his repertoire. What was most concerning to his teachers was his seeming total isolation from his classmates, but he didn't need them. They were too close-minded, too focused on using their pitiful abilities for fame. He would show them all.

They were far from possessing any heroic potential, in fact they were barely even capable of becoming support technicians due to their limited intelligence. They would serve as nothing more than cannon fodder, or perhaps feed for his monstrous menagerie. Izuku grinned at that. Mayhaps his mental state was influenced by his quirk, but he didn't particularly care for that. He was going to become a hero, whether his teachers permitted it, or not.

He sat at the back of the classroom, near the window. He had already studied the material for the class. He tuned out of the lesson as he opened up his book, adding more detail to a new creature he was working on. It looked to be very simian in appearance, yet also oddly human. Its skin was spiked, with an armoured shell apparently formed of bone upon which the spikes sat. It had a human skull positioned at the front of its body, and was exceedingly brutish in all aspects. He named this creature, rather plainly, **The Brute**.

"Sir? Midoriya's not listening to the lesson" a particularly foolish and/or brave student said from beside the greenette. Izuku turned to face the student, and saw a particularly loathsome face. It was one of the lackeys who constantly said that Katsuki would become the number one hero, and that nobody came close. With an extending fingers quirk, he was nothing more than a civilian, no matter how much he desired greatness.

"I would suggest you shut your mouth, boy. Your quirk, Digit

Extension, is useless as anything other than a sideshow attraction. Strength doesn't increase with size, so they become useless after extending beyond five feet. Now, I'd suggest you cease your accusations, lest an unfavourable fate fall upon you. I doubt you'd make much of yourself anyway, regardless of any interference on my part." Izuku growled out to the fellow student. "I'm halfway convinced to drop out and get homeschooled, particularly so I could be done with this quirkiest school" he added, as he stood and made his way from the classroom. "By the way, here's the homework. Email the task to me and I'll get it done. Honestly? You're my favourite teacher in this place" Izuku said to the teacher, with a faint smile upon his face, as he walked out of the room and made his way to the front gate.

"Master Izuku? Are you certain it is best that you leave this establishment at such a time? The risk of criminal activity is much higher compared to traditional leaving time" Izuku's babylonian plague-ridden disciple asked of him as she walked alongside him, the stench of disease and rot masked by the perpetual incense censer. "I felt the addition of another to your realm. I hope you understand the possible danger others may perceive you as, as well as the risk of outcry" The Plagued follower asked of her creator.

"I know of the danger present, but I also realise the advantage that having other allies provides. I sincerely hope you are giving them a warm reception" Izuku asked of one of his first creations, but stopped himself when he saw a slime monster emerge from a manhole cover.

"Do you wish to deal with him, or shall I?" Izuku asked of his follower

"I say you do it, milord. It would be best to master calling forth your other abilities" his diseased disciple said as she stood back, allowing Izuku to take command.

"Let it be known that I give you a chance to surrender. However, considering your demeanor, I doubt you'd accept it. Now. suffer" Izuku said to the sludge monster, holding out a hand, as voids of blackness formed behind him, and around the villain, before dozens of spider-like legs launched themselves from the voids into the sludge villain, each strike draining part of the villain's vigor and energy, before, with a clenched fist, the sludge monster was forced into a

sealed bucket.

**“FEAR NOT CIVILIAN! I AM HE** Uh, what?” The voice of All Might called from beside the now open sewer entrance, as he looked over the scenario.

“Ah, All Might! I’m sorry for dealing with the villain for you, but before you leave, may I ask a question? I’m sure, with your experience, you’d be the most able to answer it” Izuku said to the number one hero, who looked down at the slender greenette who somehow possessed a sinister aura.

**“I’M SURE I’D BE ABLE TO HELP, YOUNG MAN!”** The number one hero responded, picking up the container of the sludge villain.

“Well, considering my generally villainous quirk, being the ability to create and command monsters, do you believe I have potential to become a hero?” He asked, a hopeful expression on his face. Despite his maturity, he was still meeting his idol, and wanted validation.

**“MY BOY, I’M MORE THAN CERTAIN YOU COULD BECOME A HERO! LOOK AT SOME OF THE NEWER HEROES IN RECENT YEARS!!** I mean Gang Orca made it into the top 10, there are no such things as villainous quirks!” All Might responded, ruffling the greenette’s hair. “With time, dedication, and a heroic spirit, anyone can be a hero. After all, it only takes four or five minutes to be a hero!” He added, before leaping off to take this villain to the police.